

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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METHODS OF AUTHORS.—I.

The public—that is, the reading world made up those who love the products of authorship—always takes an interest in the methods of work adopted by literary men, and is fond of gaining information about authorship in the act, and of getting a glimpse of its favorite, the author, at work in that “sanctum sanctorum”—the study. The modes in which men write are so various that it would take at least a dozen volumes to relate them, were they all known, for:—

“ Some wits are only in the mind
When beaux and belles are round them prating ;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
Their muse and valet both in waiting ;
And manage, at the self-same time,
To adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

“ Some bards there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove to tear or nibble ;
Or a small twig to whisk about—
As if the hidden founts of fancy,
Like wells of old, were thus found out
By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.

Such was the little feathery wand,
That, held forever in the hand
Of her who won and wore the crown
Of female genius in this age,
Seemed the conductor that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page.”

This refers to Madame de Staël, who, when writing, wielded a “little feathery wand,” made of paper, shaped like a fan or feather, in the manner and to the effect above described.

Well may the vivacious penman of “Rhymes on the Road” exclaim:—

“ What various attitudes, and ways,
And tricks we authors have in writing !
While some write sitting, some, like Bayes,
Usually stand while they’re inditing.
Poets there are who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride ;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen while they ride.
Herodotus wrote most in bed ;
And Richerand, a French physician,
Dec’ares the clockwork of the head
Goes best in that reclined position.
If you consult Montaigne and Pliny on
The subject, ‘tis their joint opinion
That thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields.”

M. de Valois alleges that Plato produced, like Herodotus, “his glorious visions all in bed”; while

“ ’Twas in his carriage the sublime
Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme.”

But little is known of the habits of the earliest writers. The great Plato, whose thoughts seemed to come so easy, we are told, toiled over his manuscripts, working with slow and tiresome elaboration. The opening sentence of “The Republic” on the author’s tablets was

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found to be written in thirteen different versions. When death called him from his labor the great philosopher was busy at his desk, "combing, and curling, and weaving, and unweaving his writings after a variety of fashions." Virgil was wont to pour forth a quantity of verses in the morning, which he decreased to a very small number by incessant correction and elimination. He subjected the products of his composition to a process of continual polishing and filing, much after the manner, as he said himself, of a bear licking her cubs into shape. Cicero's chief pleasure was literary work. He declared that he would willingly forego all the wealth and glory of the world to spend his time in meditation or study.

The diversity in the methods adopted by authors is as great as the difference in their choice of subjects. A story is often cited in illustration of the different characteristics of three great nationalities which equally illustrates the different paths which may be followed in any intellectual undertaking.

An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German, competing for a prize offered for the best essay on the natural history of the camel, adopted each his own method of research upon the subject. The German, providing himself with a stock of tobacco, sought the quiet solitude of his study in order to evolve from the depths of his philosophic consciousness the primitive notion of a camel. The Frenchman repaired to the nearest library, and overhauled its contents in order to collect all that other men had written upon the subject. The Englishman packed his carpet-bag and set sail for the East, that he might study the habits of the animal in its original haunts.

The combination of these three methods is the perfection of study; but the Frenchman's method is not unknown even among Americans. Nor does it deserve the condemnation it usually receives. The man who peruses a hundred books on a subject for the purpose of writing one bestows a real benefit upon society, in case he does his work well. But some excellent work has been composed without the necessity either of research or original investigation. Anthony Trollope described his famous archdeacon without ever having met a live archdea-

con. He never lived in any cathedral city except London; Archdeacon Grantly was the child of "moral consciousness" alone; Trollope had no knowledge, except indirectly, about bishops and deans. In fact, "*The Warden*" was not intended originally to be a novel of clerical life, but a novel which should work out a dramatic situation—that of a trustworthy, amiable man who was the holder, by no fault of his own, of an endowment which was in itself an abuse, and on whose devoted head should fall the thunders of those who assailed the abuse.

Bryan Waller Proctor, the poet (who, I believe, is better known under the name of "Barry Cornwall"), had never viewed the ocean when he committed to paper that beautiful poem, "*The Sea*." Many of his finest lyrics and songs were composed mentally while he was riding daily to London in an omnibus. Schiller had never been in Switzerland, and had only heard and read about the country, when he wrote his "*William Tell*." Harrison Ainsworth, the Lancashire novelist, when he composed "*Rookwood*" and "*Jack Sheppard*," depended entirely on his ability to read-up and on his facility of assimilation, for during his lifetime he never came in personal contact with thieves at all. It is said that when he wrote the really admirable ride of Turpin to York he only went at a great pace over the paper, with a road-map and description of the country in front of him. It was only when he heard all the world say how faithfully the region was pictured, and how truly he had observed distances and localities, that he actually drove over the ground for the first time, and declared that it was more like his account than he could have imagined.

Erasmus composed on horseback, as he pricked across the country, and committed his thoughts to paper as soon as he reached his next inn. In this way he composed his "*Encomium Moriae*," or "*Praise of Folly*," in a journey from Italy to the land of the man to whose name that title bore punning and complimentary reference, his sterling friend and ally, Sir Thomas More.

Aubrey relates how Hobbes composed his "*Leviathan*": "He walked much and mused as he walked; and he had in the head of his cane a pen and inkhorn, and he carried always a note-

book in his pocket, and 'as soon as the thought darted,' he presently entered it into his book, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the book into chapters, etc., and he knew whereabouts it would come in." Hartley Coleridge somewhere expresses his entire conviction that it was Pope's general practice to set down in a book every line, half-line, or lucky phrase that occurred to him, and either to find or make a place for them when and where he could. Richard Savage noted down a whole tragedy on scraps of paper at the counters of shops, into which he entered and asked for pen and ink as if to make a memorandum.

"A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket, and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought are generally the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return." This was the advice of Lord Bacon, whose example has been followed by many eminent men. Miss Martineau has recorded that Barry Cornwall's favorite method of composition was practised when alone in a crowd. He, like Savage, also had a habit of running into a shop to write down his verses. Tom Moore's custom was to compose as he walked. He had a table in his garden, on which he wrote down his thoughts. When the weather was bad, he paced up and down his small study. It is extremely desirable that thoughts should be written as they rise in the mind, because, if they are not recorded at the time, they may never return. "I attach so much importance to the ideas which come during the night, or in the morning," says Gaston Plante, the electrical engineer, "that I have always, at the head of my bed, paper and pencil suspended by a string, by the help of which I write every morning the ideas I have been able to conceive, particularly upon subjects of scientific research. I write these notes in obscurity, and decipher and develop them in the morning, pen in hand." The philosopher Emerson took similar pains to catch a fleeting thought, for, whenever he had a happy idea, he wrote it down, and when Mrs. Emerson, startled in the night by some unusual sound, cried, "What is the matter? Are you ill?" the philosopher softly replied, "No, my dear; only an idea."

George Bancroft, the historian, had a similar habit. His bedroom served also as a library. The room was spacious, and its walls were lined, above and below, with volumes. A single bed stood in the middle of the apartment, and beside the bed, paper, pencil, two wax candles, and matches; so that, like Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Bancroft might not forget any idea that came into his mind in a wakeful moment of the night.

Thackeray confessed that the title for his novel, "Vanity Fair," came to him in the middle of the night, and that he jumped out of bed and ran three times around the room, shouting the words. Thackeray had no literary system. He only wrote when he felt like it. Sometimes he was unable to write two lines in succession. Then, again, he could sit down and write so rapidly that he would keep three sheets in the wind all the time. While he was editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* he never succeeded in getting copy enough ahead for more than five issues. In this negligence he fell far behind the magazine editors of the present time. They always have bundles of copy on hand.

Whether in town or country, Landor reflected and composed habitually while walking, and, therefore, preferred at all times to walk alone. So did Buckle. Wordsworth was accustomed to compose his verse in his solitary walks, carry it in his memory, and get wife or daughter to write it down on his return. He used to compose aloud while walking in the fields and woods. Sometimes he would use a slate pencil and the smooth side of a rock to jot down his lines. His excursions and peculiar habits gave rise to some anxious beliefs among the ignorant peasantry. Even his sanity was questioned. The peasantry of Rydal thought him "not quite hissel," because he always walked alone, and was met at odd times in odd places. Some poets have been in the habit of humming or repeating their verses aloud as they composed them. Southeby, for instance, boomed his verses so as to be mistaken by Wilson, who was a keen sportsman, for a bittern booming. If this is true, Southeby's voice must not have been very harmonious, for the bittern is Shakespeare's "night-raven's dismal voice."

Nathaniel Hawthorne made innumerable notes of every fleeting, quaint fancy, strange

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anecdote, or eccentric person. These notes he afterward worked into his stories. Julian Hawthorne, his son, states in the *Century Magazine*: "The new husband and wife, Adam and Eve, as they liked to call themselves, were almost as poor in money as their prototypes, and in spite of their orchard and their vegetable garden, a good deal less able to get on without occasional remittances. Accordingly, the future author of the 'Scarlet Letter' was compelled to alternate his hoeing and digging, his rambles over the hills and his paddling on the river, with periods of application to pen and paper in his study, where he would sit with locked doors, clad in a long and ancient flowered dressing-gown, upon the lining of the left-hand skirt of which he was in the habit of wiping his pen. His wife noticed this habit, and said nothing about it; but one day, on bringing his pen to the accustomed spot, Hawthorne found stitched on there a pretty pen-wiper, in the shape of a butterfly with red and black wings, and this butterfly was ever after renewed from time to time, as necessity required. What was written in that little sunny-hued study, readers know, but nobody, not even the author's wife, ever saw him in the act of writing. He had to be alone."

As curious a mode of composition as perhaps any on record, if the story be credible, is that affirmed of Fuller—that he used to write the first words of every line near the margin down to the foot of the paper, and that then, beginning again, he filled up the blanks exactly, without spaces, interlineations, or contractions, and that he would so connect the ends and beginnings that the sense would appear as complete as if it had been written in a continued series after the ordinary manner.

Several distinguished American writers have the habit of jotting a sentence, or a line or two here and there, upon a long page, and then filling up the outline thus made with persistent revision.

With some great writers, it has been customary to do a vast amount of antecedent work before beginning their books. It is related of George Eliot that she read one thousand books before she wrote "Daniel Deronda." For two or three years before she composed a

work, she read up her subject in scores and scores of volumes. She was one of the masters, so called, of all learning, talking with scholars and men of science on terms of equality. George Eliot was a hard worker, and, like many gifted writers, she was often tempted to burn at night the lines she had written during the day. Carlyle was similarly tempted, and it is to be regretted that the great growler, in many instances, did not carry out the design. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his "Frederick the Great." Alison perused two thousand books before he completed his celebrated history. It is said of another that he read twenty thousand volumes and only wrote two books. "For the statistics of the negro population of South America alone," says Robert Dale Owen, "I examined more than 150 volumes." David Livingstone said: "Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousandfold. I think I would rather cross the African continent again than to undertake to write another book."

It is on record that Bulwer wrote his romance of "Harold" in less than a month, resting not at all by day, and scarcely at night. In a private letter Lord Lytton says: "The novel of 'Harold' was written in rather less than four weeks. I can personally attest this fact, as I was with my father when he wrote it—on a visit to his friend, the late Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. D'Eyncourt was a great collector of Norman and Anglo-Saxon chronicles, with which his library was well stored. The notes of research for 'Harold' fill several thick commonplace books. . . . While my father was writing 'Harold' I do not think he put down his pen except for meals and half an hour's run before dinner round the terrace. He was at work the greater part of every night, and again early in the morning."

It is an interesting fact in regard to Lord Tennyson's drama on the same subject—with a dedication to the present Lord Lytton, in reconciliation of an old literary feud with his father—that the first sketch of "Harold" took the form of a drama, entitled "William the Norman." It was probably not written for

publication, as the writer's way of composing many of his prose romances was to sketch them out first as dramas.

The "Lady of Lyons" was written in ten days. It was by no means uncommon with Bulwer to have two books in hand at once, and live alternate periods with the beings of his creation, as if he were passing in society from one company to another. Thus "Lucretia" and "The Caxtons," "Kenelm Chillingly" and "The Parisians," were written simultaneously. But despite his literary facility, Bulwer rewrote some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication. Another author tells us that he wrote paragraphs and whole pages of his book as many as fifty times.

A playwright, who had written five hundred lines in three days, taunted Euripides because he had spent as much time upon five lines. "Yes," replied the poet, "but your five hundred lines in three days will be forgotten, while my five will live forever."

It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down. Longfellow was a very careful writer. He wrote and rewrote, and laid his work by and later revised it. He often consulted his friends about his productions before they were given to the world. Thus he sent his work out as perfect as great care and a brilliant intellect could make it. The poet's pleasant surroundings must have acted as a stimulus upon his mind. His library was a long room in the northeastern corner of the lower floor in the so-called Craigie House, once the residence of General Washington. It was surrounded by handsome bookcases, rich in choice works. The poet's usual seat here was at a little high table by the north window, looking upon the garden. Some of his work was done while he was standing at this table, which reached then to his breast.

Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but frequently rewrite the article upon the proof-sheets.

John Owen was twenty years on his "Commentary on the Epistle of the Hebrews."

The celebrated French critic, Sainte-Beuve, was accustomed to devote six days to the preparation of a single one of his weekly articles. A large portion of his time was passed in the retirement of his chamber, to which, on such occasions, no one — with the exception of his favorite servant — was allowed to enter under any circumstances whatever. Here he wrote those critical papers which carried captive the heart of France, and filled with wonder cultivated minds everywhere.

The historian Gibbon, in speaking of the manner in which he wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," said: "Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull tone and a rhetorical declamation. Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect." Gibbon spent twenty years on his immortal book.

Lamb toiled most laboriously over his essays. These papers, which long ago took their place in the English classical language and which are replete with the most delicate fancies, were composed with the most exacting nicety, yet their author is regarded the world over as possessed of genius of a high order.

La Rochefoucauld was occupied for the space of fifteen years in preparing for publication his little work called "Maximus," rewriting many of them more than thirty times.

Honoré de Balzac had just completed his teens when he arrived in Paris, and till 1830, some nine years, he lived, not in a garret, but in the apartment over that, called a *grenier*; his daily expenses amounted to about half a franc — three sous for bread, three for milk, and the rest for firewood and candles. He passed his days in the public library of the Arsenal, devouring books. In the evening he transcribed his notes, and during the nights he took his walks abroad, and so gained an insight into the depths of human depravity.

After his first novel, in 1830, he commenced earning money. Balzac, who had the disease of creative genius in its most outrageous form, "preached to us," says Théophile Gautier, "the strangest hygiene ever propounded among laymen. If we desired to hand our names down to posterity as authors, it was indispensable that

we should immure ourselves absolutely for two or three years ; that we should drink nothing but water, and only eat soaked beans, like Protogenes ; that we should go to bed at sunset and rise at midnight, to work hard till morning ; that we should spend the whole day in revising, amending, extending, pruning, perfecting, and polishing our night's work, in correcting proofs or taking notes, or in other necessary study." If the author happened to be in love, he was only to see the lady of his heart for one half-hour a year, but he might write to her, for the cold-blooded reason that letter-writing improves the style. Not only did Balzac preach this austere doctrine, but he practised it as nearly as he could without ceasing altogether to be a man and a Frenchman. Léon Gozlan's account of the daily life of the author of the "Comédie Humaine" has often been quoted. On the average he worked eighteen hours a day. He began his day with dinner at six in the afternoon, at which, while he fed his friends generously, he himself ate little besides fruit and drank nothing but water. At seven o'clock he wished his friends good-night, and went to bed. At midnight he rose and worked —till dinner-time next day : and so the world went round. George Sand calls him, "Drunk on water, intemperate in work, and sober in all other passions." Jules Janin asks, "Where has M. de Balzac gained his knowledge of woman — he, the anchorite ?" As it was, love and death came to him hand-in-hand. He married a wealthy Polish lady in 1848. They travelled over the battlefields of Europe, to collect notes for a work, and then settled down in a luxurious mansion in the Champs Elysées. Nothing was wanting in that palatial residence, for every fancy of Balzac had been gratified. Three months after the house-warming Balzac was dead.

Balzac, after he had made a plan of a novel, and had, after the most laborious research, gathered together the materials which he was to embody in it, locked himself in his private apartment, shut out all the light of day, and then, by the aid of his study lamp, he toiled day and night. His servants, knowing so well his peculiar habits, brought him food and drink. Finally, with his task completed, as he thought,

he came forth from his retirement looking more dead than alive. But invariably his task was not altogether satisfactory to him, after all, for again he would seek the seclusion of his chamber to rearrange and make more perfect that which he had before supposed wholly complete. Then, too, when his work was in the hands of the printer, he was as apt as not to alter, in one way and another, the manuscript, until both printer and publisher were on the verge of despair. He corrected up to as many as twelve proofs, and many of his "corrections" consisted in rewriting whole pages. What "copy" he must have produced during the twenty years that he brought out ninety-seven volumes ! Like Voltaire, Balzac had a passion for coffee, more to keep him awake than as a stimulant. That beverage shortened his life, which ended by hypertrophy of the heart. When he sat down to his desk, his servant, who regarded a man that abstained even from tobacco as scarcely human, used to place coffee within reach, and upon this he worked till his full brain would drive his starved and almost sleepless body into such forgetfulness that he often found himself at daybreak bareheaded, in dressing gown and slippers, in the Place du Carrousel, not knowing how he came there, miles away from home. Now, coffee acts upon some temperaments like laudanum upon others, and many of the manners and customs of Balzac were those of a confirmed opium-eater. He had the same strange illusions, the same extravagant ideas, the same incapacity for distinguishing with regard to outward things, between the possible and the impossible, the false and the true. His midnight wanderings, his facility in projecting himself into personalities utterly unlike his own, belong to the experiences of the "English Opium-eater."

Kinglake's beautiful "Eothen" was rewritten half a dozen times before it was given to a publisher.

Tennyson's song, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," was rewritten some fifty times before it gave complete satisfaction to the author.

Coming to the gifted Addison, whose diction is full of such grace and simplicity, so much so as to create envy, yet admiration, in the mind of every writer who has flourished since his

day, we find that the great author wrote with the most painful deliberation. It is narrated that the press was stopped again and again, after a whole edition of the *Spectator* had been thrown off, in order that its author might make a slight change in a sentence.

Tom Moore, with all his wonderful brilliancy, considered it doing very well if he wrote fifty lines of his "Lalla Rookh" in a week.

Hawthorne was slow in composing. Sometimes he wrote only what amounted to half a dozen pages a week, often only a few lines in the same space of time, and, alas! he frequently went to his chamber and took up his pen, only to find himself wholly unable to perform any literary work.

The author of "Pleasures of Hope" was slow of thought, and consequently his mode of composition was toilsome in the highest degree. He wrote with extreme caution, weighing and shaping the effect of each particular line before he permitted it to stand.

Bret Harte, whose creations read as if they had come from his brain without a flaw or hindrance, showing brilliancy of thought, with the grace of the artist, is still another writer who passes days and weeks on a short story or poem before he is ready to deliver it into the hands of the printer. So, too, with Bryant. Though in reality the sum total of his poetry might be included in a small volume, so few are his lyrics, we cannot fail to be impressed with the truth of the statement when we are told that even these few gems of verse cost our late Wordsworth hard toil to bring into being, and endow with the splendor of immortality.

Bernardine de St. Pierre copied his sweet and beautiful "Paul and Virginia" nine times to make it more perfect.

Burns usually composed while walking in the open air, influenced, perhaps, Dr. Currie suggests, by habits formed in early life. Until he was completely master of a tune, he never could write words for it; so his way was to consider the poetic sentiment corresponding to his idea of the musical expression; then choose his theme; begin one stanza; when that was composed,—which was generally the most difficult part of the task,—to walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in nature

around him, such as harmonized with the cogitations of his fancy, humming occasionally the air, with the verses already framed. When he felt his "muse beginning to jade," he retired to the solitary fireside of his study, and there committed his thoughts to paper; swinging at intervals on the hind leg of his elbow-chair, "by way," he says, "of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on." Sometimes, and more than once too often, he composed, to use his own expression, "by the leeside of a bowl of punch, which had overset every mortal in company, except the hautbois and the muse."

Béranger *composait toutes ses chansons dans sa tête*. "Once made, I committed them to writing in order to forget them," he said. He tells of having dreamt for ten years of a song about the taxes that weigh down the rural population. In vain he tapped his brain-pan,—nothing came of it. But one night he awoke with the air and the refrain *tout trouvés*:

"Jacques, lève-toi;
Voici venir l'huissier du roi";

and in a day or two the song was a made thing.

Dr. H. Erickson.

DETROIT, Mich.

PLANS OF FRENCH WRITERS.

Edward Brandus, the American representative of the French authors, who arrived in New York a few days ago, met personally many of the great French writers during his sojourn in Paris last summer. Most of them, however, were old friends, as Mr. Brandus is the son of the well-known Parisian publisher of that name, and lived for many years in the capital of the great transatlantic republic.

"Zola," said Mr. Brandus, in talking with a *Tribune* reporter, "is living at his beautiful home in Meudon, near Paris. He has the finest place there, furnished magnificently, and filled with trophies and curios of all kinds. As is well known, he makes immense sums of money from his books. He told me, in fact, that he received \$6,000 for the right of publishing any one of his books in serial form. It may appear in that shape in the *Figaro* or some other great journal. He receives \$4,000 for the right of translation into Spanish, and even \$2,000 for the privilege of translating the work into Portuguese. There, you see, is \$12,000; and that sum does not include the receipts for translating the book into German, Russian, Italian, or English.

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I don't think he ever made less than \$20,000 from any single book to which he has attached his name.

"Zola," added Mr. Brandus, "has sold the right to publish 'La Debacle,' or 'The Crash,' in this country for \$2,000. It is the first French book sold here since the passage of the copyright laws."

Zola was enjoying the best of health when Mr. Brandus last saw him, a few weeks ago, although he was, as usual, working hard and steadily. "He spends a great deal of time," added Mr. Brandus, "in the bric-à-brac shops of Paris, as he has a passion for collecting rare bits of furniture, rare books, and the like. He does not look like the traditional writer. He resembles one even less than the photographs show. A stranger, seeing him for the first time, would take him to be a French paterfamilias of the wealthy middle classes. He is a good father, too, and has several handsome daughters, who certainly do not speak as he writes, and I fancy are not allowed to spend many hours over some of his books."

As with Zola, Mr. Brandus said, Paul Bourget's best friend was his publisher. "That," he added, "is a peculiarity of the French writers. They all get along well with their publishers, and one rarely hears of disputes between them. That is the way it should be, as the existence of these fraternal relations proves advantageous both to the authors and publishers."

"George Ohnet," continued Mr. Brandus, "is not so popular as he was a few years ago. He seems, strange to say, to have outlived his day. His last book, 'Dette de Haine,' was almost an utter failure. It is said that more than 14,000 copies were returned unsold to his publisher. That, of course, is almost disastrous. None of his books have had the success of 'Le Maître de Forge.' He is discouraged over the ebb in his popularity, and is doing little work. He is still comparatively young, not more than sixty years old. That, according to French traditions, should be an author's prime."

M. Alexandre Dumas, according to Mr. Brandus, is also busy writing a new play, which will be given to the public in about one year. "Up to the present time," added the speaker, "he has written comparatively little of the work. According to his custom, however, he has the whole play mapped out in his head. He knows almost beforehand what he intends to write. This play, by the way, may be Dumas' last one. It is said so, at least. It will be produced at the Comédie Française next fall. The great author is living quietly at Marly, near Paris, in his beautiful house, 'Monte Cristo,' built by his father."

Alphonse Daudet, Mr. Brandus said, has been in ill health for some time, but he had employed his days industriously in finishing two new books.

Mr. Brandus is confident that the French Copyright Company, or the association of French authors, will be beneficial to both Americans and Frenchmen.

"In addition to the publication of books," he added, "we intend to copyright music in all its forms. I think, in fact, that it will revolutionize the music trade in this country. New operas will be printed here. In connection with this another point is to be decided. We intend to discover by a test case whether if an opera be copyrighted as a whole, its individual parts, scores, songs, etc., are also protected. We have also made arrangements with the publishers of engravings in France to attend to their interests here. M. Bonasse Lebel, the greatest publisher of religious engravings, is especially happy over the arrangement, as he has suffered considerably from pirates in the past. They not only copyrighted his engravings in this country, but even his name. That, he told me, injured his business greatly, as the work done in this country was inferior to that done in France.

"But," continued Mr. Brandus, "we think the new society will benefit American authors as highly as the French. We expect to be able to do the same thing in France for Americans as we do for Frenchmen here. We like also to show Frenchmen that Americans intend to uphold the letter and the spirit of the new law. Frenchmen will no longer have reason to complain of their treatment. As long as there was no law to prevent their taking French works, Americans did so. That will be the case no longer. Other nations, however, stole literary property besides the people of the United States." — *New York Tribune*.

HALL CAINE.

Some thirty-eight years ago, there was born at Runcorn, in Lancashire, the son of a Manx father and a Cambrian mother, the subject of this article. Without a doubt it is to his parentage he owes the weird, vivid power of thought that is so strongly characteristic of his books. To no placid-living, easily-jogging, self-satisfied southerner could it have been possible to have written in such splendid stock Saxon that romance of "The Bondman," which so recently thrilled and delighted the English public. I do not think I exaggerate when I describe Hall Caine as emphatically the novelist of the near future. His aim is so lofty a one, his tone

so pure, his sincerity so evident, that he cannot fail of reaching the hearts of all those striving after the better life.

Early last summer it was my good fortune to spend a week at Hall Caine's new home in Cumberland. The spot itself is classic ground to a literary man. Thus at Keswick lived Coleridge, first of the little band of great writers who were known as the Lake poets, first of that illustrious band of which Mr. Caine is himself the last. After Coleridge came Southey and Wordsworth (who was a man having a little estate at Applethwaite), and who settled at Grasmere about the same period. Rather later came DeQuincey and Christopher North. Later still came Harriet Martineau to Ambleside, where by that time little Hartley Coleridge was keeping school. Still later the Arnolds found their home in that most lively corner of England. But perhaps most important of all to the subject of the present sketch, Shelley in 1811-12 occupied a little chestnut cottage which stood almost on the site of Mr. Caine's new home. This is called Hawthorns, and is a quiet and modest little Cambrian house of no pretensions beyond that of rustic beauty, and which nestles almost immediately beneath the shadow of grim Skiddaw, whose summit is forever hidden in Cloudland.

The house itself is full of literary and artistic interest. The bust of Shakespeare on the bureau in the study once stood in a similar position in Rossetti's studio in Chelsea, and the reclining bust at the wall by its side is a death mask of Rossetti himself, the great poet having died in Hall Caine's arms. The beautiful carved oaken chest which stands on the left of the Shakespeare was Rossetti's manuscript chest, and it contains a very large packet of his letters and the manuscripts of his poems, as well as a very curious Rossetti relic, viz., the pen which he was using during the last writing days of his life. The room is full of old oak cabinets and tables collected by Mr. Caine himself, and in a corner hangs the lantern which was borne by Eugene Aram on that fateful night, and which was given to Mr. Caine by his old friend, Lord Houghton, the poet.

In the midst of all these articles of "bigotry and virtue" sits the great novelist himself, rapidly writing on tiny sheets of note paper the chapters of his next novel, and surrounded by a perfect chaos of papers, books, and débris of every imaginable kind. His face is of a curiously Elizabethan cast, and he very strongly resembles the portrait of Shakespeare; his temperament is Celtic entirely: he is excitable, intense, nervous to a painful degree, but

yet he is always thoughtful, courteous, and unassuming, — singularly unassuming, considering the fact of his humble birth and the rapid strides he is making towards the very summit of his profession. To see him in the bosom of his family is to see him at his best. His brave old father, the descendant of a long line of Manx farmers, is a simple-hearted man of the soil, with a flavor of the turf about him; not a man of education, but, nevertheless, a man of good intelligence and some reading, and much alive to the intellectual life of the country, and well able to take his share in discussions; and obviously, at that period when, his own life being practically done, he lives in the life of his son. Indeed, that was the most touching thing about him. Then there is his wife, a pretty, simple-minded, laughter-loving little woman, whose sole joy in life is to care for her husband and the bonny little boy who flies down the stairs, three steps at a time, to ring out a true Cambrian welcome to the visitor who is coming in at the door. The scene is an idyllic one, and can never fade from my memory.

Many a long talk have I had with Hall Caine upon the art and purport of novel-writing. I remember one day when my friend, Grant Allen, had penned an article denouncing the blood-thirsty tendency of modern fiction. I took it to Hall Caine and asked him what he thought of it.

"Why," he replied, "I wholly disagree with him when he would do away with the blood-thirsty element. Do you not see that in reality it is a very healthy element. Experience teaches us that when a book is not blood-thirsty it is sensual, which to my mind is far worse. Which now do you think is the healthier, morally speaking, a novel of Scott's or one of the French novelists' of to-day? Scott depicts his hero rushing to a brave, splendid death on the field of battle; that is blood-thirsty perhaps, but how infinitely preferable to the French hero creeping stealthily into the bedroom of his neighbor's wife. Which is the nobler character of the two? And, unfortunately, this is creeping into English art, literature, and plays; unfortunately there is not enough of blood; it is always lust. The pivot on which our most notable novels and plays turn nowadays is sensuality. I loathe it; I have seen it in my own books; I will never do it again. There is something English and manly in blood-thirsty literature; there is nothing manly in the other. Hitherto English fiction has been a thousand times purer than the French, and the purest part has always been the most blood-thirsty. Stevenson, Hardy, Blackmore, all these may be 'buggy,' as

Toddie expressed it, but they are at all events pure.

"The English and the American public more and more demand purity, and before God," continued Caine, as he lifted his hands to high Heaven, "I will do my best to satisfy their demand and to lead my readers upward and onward. For what does a novelist exist for but to do good ?

"Carlyle, in condemning one celebrated novelist, said of his books : 'They are not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating in any shape; the sick heart will find no beating in them, the heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice.'

"The ultimate test of fiction is not its power or charm, or its fidelity to life, but its value as a guide to life. In a novel, the writer ought to discuss the great, deep problems that pertain to human life as such, man's position in the universe, life and death, love and hate, sorrow and sin, the great mystery of pain. The repentance for a sin and its atonement, why, these things are of the very essence of Christian teaching, and am I not bidden to follow Him ? Is the servant greater than his master ? I don't wish to produce solemn, didactic sermons which no one would read. I always strive to write readably and with as much humor as possible ; but in these days of earnestness and intensity the novel itself must do some serious work also, or fail in its highest reaches.

"To go back to what I was saying on the absolute necessity for blood-thirstiness in literature, if we would keep out sensuality, I say that this running away from blood is a cowardly, an effeminate, and emasculated thing. The sturdy literature of the past is full of it. To shirk it as people do now is a sign of the effeminate spirit of the age, and it shows itself in the worship of such a man as Shelley. I don't wonder that Shelley, the poet, is worshipped, but Shelley, the man, was a poor, despicable creature in many ways. This spirit is hideously depraving. Really the conduct of some of these writers reminds one of the story of the man, a little Italian coxcomb, who used to introduce his wife as 'a past mistress of Lord Byron.'

"Do you not think, Mr. Caine," I asked, "that to a certain extent the woman novelist is to blame for this effeminacy in fiction?" To which he at once replied: "Certainly, I do. When woman became a professional littérateur she had to do what she could, and her experience not being of wild adventure, of fights, and battles, and duels, and, in short, knowing nothing of blood of her own experience, she wrote of that of which she knew best. What she did know of was a healthy-minded, pure

woman, was what Jane Austen knew and wrote so well about — the manners of society, the whims and eccentricities of quiet, country society; but if the lady writer is a woman of unhealthy instincts, then what she does know is the secret and base alliances of sexual complications, and on these things she writes.

"And so I hold that women are to a large extent responsible for this new and regrettable element in our national fiction.

"And so I say, 'Long life to blood-thirstiness in our English fiction.'"*— Raymond Blathwayt, in the New Haven Register.*

NEEDED NOVELTIES IN PATHOS.

The most cursory survey of the novel — of late this would seem to mean a survey much attended with curses — the most cursory survey of the novel brings out the novel fact that heroines and heroes have long been, and still are, greatly and persistently restricted in their methods of being pathetic. So very true is this, that the discovery of some new way of weeping might boldly be described as the crying need of the times.

Thus, to seize upon the first illustration that offers itself, there is the old way — used by the millions — of declaring that the heroine "burst into tears." But — come to think of it! — ought a heroine under any circumstances ever be represented as *bursting*? Is it not a most violent and uncontrollable action, scarce proper, and apt to be fatal, as in the case of — of — Sapphira? I know a nervous, near-sighted little girl who is a very slow reader. One day, having for the first time come upon this phrase, as applied to a heroine, of whom she had grown very fond, she read as far as the words "she burst," and then suddenly threw the book away with a scream of horror. "My dearest child," cried her mother, running up, "what on earth is the matter?" "O mamma!" exclaimed the little sufferer, who had herself burst into tears, "she burst! she burst! What a horrible death!"

It is impossible to read the phrase "burst into tears" without thinking of the spout of a water-cart on a dusty street. The one thing in this world that does seem to *burst* into tears is that thing when the water is turned on.

And, then, there is another expression, also used by the millions, and even more highly esteemed for very grand occasions: "She cried as if her heart would break." This simile is commonly held to designate the last degree of emotional extrav-

gance. This may have been an affecting phrase once, but it has no pathos left in it now except the power of awaking tearful sympathy for the unhappy being who employs it?

Much like it, and, if possible, even worse, is another phrase: "She cried herself sick." You at once are led to inquire: "What form does this lady's sickness assume? Will she need camphor, or a mustard-plaster? How long will it take her to recover?"

"She cried herself to sleep," is yet another popular favorite. But, really, if drowsiness overcame her and she got to sleep, she was doing pretty well, after all; and a bulletin might be hung on the door of the lady's bedchamber: "One o'clock A. M. Patient sleeping quietly; and while there's life there's hope."

"Cried her eyes out," might be thought a dangerous indulgence in grief, especially if one of the heroine's eyes happened to be a glass eye, as might possibly be the case.

"Tears stole down her cheeks." This is an expression affected in certain quarters, although it is well that there should be as little stealing as possible. Still, it is better than "chased," as the form "tears chased each other down her cheeks." This idea suggests a gambolling frolic, as though the tears were having a merry time while trying to see which could get away fastest. It is about as pathetic as "pearly fugitives" in "Pamela."

"She gave vent to her pent-up feelings in a flood of tears" is another noble hyperbole. The implied argument is, that, as there was a flood of tears, there must have been a flood of grief. Therefore, it would be better to state definitely how large the flood was, in order to explain how great the grief was. Thus, one might emulate the specific language of a much-affected old lady, who boasted that on a certain occasion she cried enough to float a steamboat.

When the pathos is to be done by the villain of the story, who is possessed by remorse, or by a hardened criminal, who has melted under the burning eloquence of a prosecuting attorney, it is commonly said that he broke down and wept, "wept like a child." Look here, my friend, have you seen many children weep? Have you been in the habit of watching them on such occasions? Have you ever seen a boy-child weep when he suddenly found a bumblebee in the leg of his breeches? Have you ever seen a little girl-child weep when she had nearly bitten the end of her tongue off? It is greatly to be feared that this powerful simile—this esteemed master-stroke—is unreliable. At least,

when the writer says his villain wept like a child, he ought to explain what was the matter with the child.

When the weeping is to be done by a body,—not a natural body, but a body corporate,—it is usually declared that there was not "a dry eye in the assemblage." Yes; but, brother, sister, what *is* a dry eye? Think of that! Just try to imagine what a dry eye *would* be! On other occasions it is stated "there was moisture in the eyes of all present." Yes; that is strictly correct; there certainly *was* a moisture in the eyes of all present.

To go back, then, to the burden of our test, it does seem that there is much need of fresh forms in our pathetic nomenclature; and we have of late marked attempts to supply these. In fact, there are three classes of writers, as respects this general subject. First, the class of those who go on using the old, worn-out expressions, either not knowing that they are worn out, or careless and unable to devise better ones. For the present, this class may be given up as hopeless. There is, secondly, the class of those who reject the old forms, substituting others that are worse. For example, in a work of one of this class, there was lately met with the expression of "tears besieging the eyes." This was certainly novel enough—the figure being drawn from the department of military operations. And then, thirdly, there is a class of those—Heaven be with them!—who steer clear of the old similes while at the same time avoiding modern affectations. On the whole, they adopt one of two methods: either they use direct simplicity, or delicate suggestion. "Mary stood at the sepulchre weeping." That is a model of the first form—simple, direct, perfect. It is nature itself, and from nature alone comes pathos. "Jesus wept." Can you improve upon this portraiture of the Divine sorrow?

The other method lies at the utmost remove from simplicity and directness. It will not so much as mention tears. As in nature, genuine emotion seeks to hide itself,—as in nature, from the spectacle of emotion we ourselves turn away,—so in art, keep from the reader the lineaments of sorrow. A hint, a gesture, the least circumstance, is enough; it is the atom of veiled allusion that makes pathos overwhelming. Stress, insistence, and hyperbole weaken, fail.

Between these two methods, choice is a question of the writer's genius. Each in its way perfect; each most easy or most difficult. But ill-betide him or her who in this age of the world allows the heroine to cry herself sick or the hero to weep like a child.—James Lane Allen, in the *Critic*.

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE WRITER FOR NOVEMBER.

A frontispiece portrait of James Parton and an interesting reminiscent article about him by Harriet Prescott Spofford are the leading features of THE WRITER for November. Mrs. Spofford writes with the knowledge gained during an intimate friendship extending over many years, and she speaks with authority on some interesting features of Mr. Parton's character and life. The question so often asked by bright young men and women, "How can I get a position as a reporter?" is answered by letters from the managing editors of leading dailies in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, and Chicago, giving practical advice as to the best means of getting work on a newspaper. The vexed question of the relations between editors and contributors is discussed by representatives of both sides, and there are many other interesting articles of practical value to all who are engaged in literary work.

THE WRITER and THE AUTHOR are companion magazines, so closely connected as to be practically one semi-monthly periodical, and every subscriber for one should be a subscriber for the other also. Nothing printed in one is repeated in the other, and those who read the "News and Notes," for instance, in only one magazine, lose half of the literary gossip of the

month. Subscriptions for THE WRITER may begin at any time. THE WRITER now prints a fine frontispiece portrait of some author, accompanied by a biographical sketch, each month.

METHODS OF AUTHORS.

THE AUTHOR begins this month the publication of an extremely interesting series of articles on "Methods of Authors," which readers of the magazine will find both entertaining and instructive. The articles have been written by Dr. H. Erickson, for many years literary editor of the *Detroit Commercial Advertiser*, and are the result of much research and personal correspondence with authors, some of whom are no longer living. The articles will be continued during the coming year, and the series as a whole will be a feature of THE AUTHOR which will alone be worth more than the subscription price of the magazine.

It is the rule of THE AUTHOR that all subscriptions shall end with the December number. In order to accommodate new subscribers, who will naturally desire to have the series of articles on "Methods of Authors" complete, subscriptions will be received now for 1892, and to all new subscribers THE AUTHOR will be sent beginning with the current month to the end of 1892 for one dollar. Those who subscribe now, therefore, will get the last two numbers of the current volume free.

The editor earnestly requests all friends of THE AUTHOR to help in extending its subscription list. Upon the number of its subscribers depends the quality of the magazine. If the number of subscribers is increased sufficiently, the magazine will be enlarged and improved in many ways, so that by helping to secure new subscribers the readers of THE AUTHOR will benefit themselves as well as the publisher.

By sending the names of five new subscribers for either THE WRITER or THE AUTHOR, with five dollars, a subscriber can get his own subscription free.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Bigelow.—Mrs. Poultny Bigelow has just written a novel which is published entire in one of

the magazines, and which is causing a good deal of comment regarding her personality and her literary ability. Mrs. Bigelow is a young woman, and a bride, having married Mr. Bigelow only two or three years ago. As Miss Jaffray, the granddaughter of one of New York's most famous and wealthy merchants, her maiden life was that of the conventional society girl. She was educated in the choicest schools in New York, and now and then made a trip to Europe. Her grandfather owns a beautiful summer place on the Hudson, and in the summer season commands his own yacht, which daily brings him to and from his place of business. In her girlhood Mrs. Bigelow gave no hint of literary talents, but after her marriage to Poultny Bigelow her literary instinct was aroused. Mr. Bigelow was of a literary family. His father, John Bigelow, was for a time the editor of the *New York Times*, and he was afterward minister to the court of Louis Napoleon. Poultny Bigelow inherited his father's literary tastes. He was sent to Berlin to school, and attended the same gymnasium in which the lad who is now the Emperor William of Germany was a scholar. Between him and young Bigelow a warm attachment sprang up, and the friendship was continued after William became emperor. Bigelow returned to America, and was at first fascinated with newspaper life, but a short experience in the hard work of a reporter was enough for him. Besides that, he had also become fascinated with something more enduring than journalistic aspirations, for he had yielded to the charms of Miss Jaffray. He bought a monthly magazine devoted to out-door sports, but after a brief experience he abandoned it, and, taking his bride with him, went to Europe, where he expects permanently to reside. He seems to have abandoned literary hope, and just as he did so his wife began to entertain it, so that now the second of her novels is before the public, and Mrs. Bigelow's friends say that she is already at work upon a fourth story, which, like the others, will depict some features of fashionable life.—*E. J. Edwards, in the Newark Times.*

Howard.—Blanche Willis Howard is the daughter of a Maine physician, and she did not display literary instinct until she was well along toward the close of her school days. Her neighbors knew her as a whole-souled, jolly girl, full of fun and delighting in frolic. Miss Howard astonished her father, the physician, one day, nearly twenty years ago, by declaring that she wanted to spend a summer in Europe. The father said, "No," and the daughter persisted. Then, in order to

THE AUTHOR.

quiet her, he declared that he had not the money, and she laughed at him, showing how she had by certain feminine shrewdness earned enough to take her on a brief trip. So the father was persuaded, and, in company with two or three friends, Miss Howard took her summer jaunt in Europe, never dreaming that it was the turning point in her career. When she returned she collected some of the letters she had written, revised them and added to them, and took the manuscript to a publisher. James Ticknor Fields was delighted with the manuscripts, and he was one of the very few publishers who found greater joy in discovering genius or talent than he did in making money. The book was published, and it was called "One Summer," and Miss Howard found herself not only famous, but with a market at her command. This story was followed within a year by another, which, while it did not increase Miss Howard's reputation, did not detract from it. Desiring to spend a considerable time in Europe, Miss Howard sailed some eight years ago for Germany, and with her were two young girls, the daughters of a wealthy lady. To these children Miss Howard acted as companion and guardian, and the income which he received so doing enabled her to write without the anxiety which is the lot of those who are dependent upon their pens for their support. She has lived in Stuttgart constantly since then. Blanche Willis Howard, the frolicsome and fun-loving Maine girl, is now a baroness, but she will continue to write, for she tells her friends that her marriage has stimulated her literary bent, and that she believes she is capable of doing better work than she ever yet has done. — *E. J. Edwards, in the Atchison Globe.*

King. — Captain Charles King, U. S. A., the author of the best stories of the American soldier ever written, is the great-grandson of Rufus King, and was a cadet at West Point from 1862 to 1866. For eight years he led the humdrum life of a staff officer detailed at large posts in cities. But in 1874 he was returned to his regiment, the Fifth Cavalry, and for three years took part in the frontier Indian wars of that time. In 1874 he was severely wounded in the fight at Sunset Pass, Ariz.; and from the effects of this wound was compelled to retire in June, 1879. So the army lost a brave soldier, and American literature gained a new writer. Captain King is about to leave off writing military stories for a while, and will take himself off to Europe for an extended trip of two or three months. It is his idea to make a thorough study of military manœuvres of the English, French, and German armies, the methods of training and perfecting the European soldiers, and

analyzing the strength of foreign armies. — *Minneapolis Tribune.*

Riley. — James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, comes to New York very often. He looks like a sharp-witted business man. He is short of stature, a little stoop-shouldered, and clean shaven. His hair is thin, and his clothing betokens a man of business rather than a poet. When Riley comes to New York he spends a good deal of his time in visiting old book stores, and, when he tires of that, he wanders up and down Broadway, feasting his eyes on the constantly changing panorama of that thoroughfare. He goes along leisurely, and stops in front of shop windows and gazes with childish eagerness upon the wares displayed. All the world knows that Riley is fond of children, and when I saw him a while ago talking confidentially to a bit of a newsboy who was selling papers he seemed all absorbed in his new-found friend. If Riley would accept all the invitations to social pleasures extended to him in New York, he would be kept busy. But although he is a charming story-teller and an easy and graceful conversationalist, he does not like to go out much. He is shy, and prefers to sit in a corner with a few friends who know him and understand him. Even on the platform he is nervous and fidgety, and glad when he has finished his readings. For the benefit of those who say that poets cannot make their salt, I will say that Mr. Riley could make \$15,000 a year by his poetry if he possessed the commercial instinct and would accept all the work tendered him. As it is, he makes \$5,000 a year from his poems, and three times that much from his readings. — *New York Mail and Express.*

Stoddard. — Richard Henry Stoddard still works with the enthusiasm of youth. He seems to be in splendid health. He throws out an enormous amount of work, all by his own hand. He seldom employs an amanuensis. He is ambidextrous, too, and he manages to get nearly 1,000 words on the small pages of note paper he uses. He writes in a fine, feminine hand, but every word is carefully spelled, and he is one of the few literary men whom I know who takes the pains properly to paragraph and punctuate his "copy," and otherwise suitably prepare it for the printers. — *New York Mail and Express.*

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Mr. Howells' young daughter, Miss Mildred Howells, has entered the field of literature, as a poem in the November *St. Nicholas* shows. It is entitled "Romance," and prettily conveys some of the fancies of young dreamers.

The correct name of E. Werner, the German novelist, translations of whose stories are so popular in this country, is Elizabeth Burstenbinder.

Charles Dickens' granddaughter, Miss Mary Dickens, a daughter of his son Charles, is just publishing her first novel, "Cross Currents."

Walt Whitman is hopelessly paralyzed and but a shadow of his former self. He may live for years, but is liable to die at any time, as the paralysis is approaching his heart. In an easy chair by a front window he spends a few hours daily, writing and reading, for the "good gray poet" is as bright as ever mentally, and is about issuing a new and complete edition of "Leaves of Grass." Whitman is nearly seventy-three, and, besides being paralyzed, is afflicted with gastric, catarrhal, and other maladies.

Henry B. Fuller, author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," has just returned to Chicago from a visit to Boston and New York.

Lew Wallace's new book is expected to be ready for the press by New Year's. General Wallace is a most methodical literary worker. He usually rises at six, and, after taking some slight refreshment, starts out on a horseback ride for a couple of hours, returning for breakfast at about eight. From that time till noon he sits at his desk. Then he has luncheon, and, after another ride, writes until four. The remainder of the evening is passed in the company of his family.

Henry James is to contribute to the January *Atlantic Monthly* an article on James Russell Lowell. It is not to be a critical study, but a personal account of Mr. Lowell's relations to our times, and to the people of our times.

Tennyson's new volume of poems will be more varied than any of its predecessors. It will comprise "Hellenic legend, Oriental tradition, humorous patois, idyl, and stories of brigand life in Southern Europe."

In one of his new prefaces to his prose works Dr. Holmes confesses to a strange feature of authorship often noticed. He says: "It is a long time since I have read it ['The Guardian Angel'], and many of its characters and incidents are far from being distinct in my memory." The fact that an author has written a book does not presuppose a memory of its every word on his part. It is said that Dickens used to take great pleasure in reading his own novels, and many authors turn to their own books some time after publication as if to the works of another.

Daudet is almost blind and very feeble. His wife is his constant companion, and to her he is dictating a novel by the title of "La Doulou," which, in all probability, will be his last.

The Lippincotts announce the completion of the supplement to "Alibone's Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors," bringing it down to the present year. Altogether, 37,183 authors, with their works, 93,780 in number, are recorded in the supplement, with biographical and bibliographical notices. The original three volumes have the names of over 46,000 authors.

Some time ago an editor in Boston received a letter from the West addressed to Elizabeth Barrett Browning in his care, he having reprinted one of her poems. More recently a Boston publishing house, which had recently brought out an edition of "The Complete Angler," received a letter addressed to Izaak Walton, Esq. It was from a clipping bureau, informing that gentleman that his book was attracting considerable attention, and requesting to be allowed to send notices from all papers in the United States and Canada.

Probably no other man who handles a pen is paid such large prices for his work as Mr. Gladstone receives for anything he chooses to write. For an article of average length he receives \$1,000, and has been paid \$2,000 for one piece of work of 5,000 words. Not long ago he penned a brief article, barely 1,000 words in length, and yet he was paid \$500 for it.

Sir Edwin Arnold called upon Walt Whitman recently at Camden. The visit was planned Sunday night to be a surprise, and Whitman did not receive the slightest intimation of the coming of his visitor. The aged poet sat in his bedroom. He was wrapped in a big blanket, upon which his gray beard, that of a typical sage, flowed. The floor was littered with books and papers, almost blocking approach. Sir Edwin Arnold managed to wade through the literary débris and stood in the full light of the window before the host. An inexpressible flood of delight passed over the face of the American poet. Sir Edwin rushed toward him and exclaimed, "My dear friend, I am delighted to see you." "Arnold, I did not expect you; how kind and considerate!" was the surprised exclamation of the aged poet as he held forth his hand. But there was more than the usual handshaking. The greeting was a literal embrace. It was the second time the two had met. Sir Edwin Arnold's visit to this country two years ago was made expressly to see Walt Whitman.

THE AUTHOR.

William Black has made arrangements with Sampson Low & Co. for an entirely new edition of his novels in twenty-five monthly volumes. The novels will be carefully revised by Mr. Black. The first to appear will be "A Daughter of Heth."

Walt Whitman, James Russell Lowell, Julia Ward Howe, Edwin P. Whipple, W. W. Story, Dr. J. G. Holland, Herman Melville, and Thomas W. Parsons were all born in the year 1819.

Perfumed oil, such as oil of cloves, sprinkled on library shelves, will prevent mould on books.

The life of Hawthorne, by James Russell Lowell, has been withdrawn from the announcements of the "American Men of Letters" series. This would indicate that the work had not advanced far enough to permit its publication under Mr. Lowell's name.

Some hitherto unpublished information about Charles Dickens will be found, it is said, in the forthcoming volume written by the well-known English Dickens collector, W. R. Hughes.

Horatio Bridge, who will contribute to *Harper's* next year his "Personal Reminiscences of Hawthorne," was a classmate and life-long personal friend of Hawthorne's, and the one to whom "Snow Image" was dedicated.

Annie Jenness-Miller has moved from New York and settled in Evanston, Ill., where she intends to found a national school of physical culture.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new novel will be "The History of David Grieve." It will trace the practical application of the labor doctrines of Robert Elsmere among the London poor.

Bret Harte was a clerk in the San Francisco mint in 1865, when M. H. DeYoung started the *Chronicle*, and did his first writing for that paper.

Mme. Blouët ("Max O'Rell's" wife) has translated all of that French writer's books into English, except the last, which was written in English. She is a Devonshire Englishwoman, daughter of a well-to-do ship owner named Bartlett.

Besides all his poetical and other literary work, Sir Edwin Arnold has written 8,000 one-column newspaper leaders in the past thirty years.

The total number of distinct words in the New Testament, excluding proper names and their derivatives, is 4,829. The vocabulary of the Old Testament is larger. Gesenius' "Lexicon," omitting proper names and obsolete roots, contains 5,810 words, of which 642 are marked "Chald." The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" together contain 9,000 words. Shakespeare uses 15,000, and Milton 9,000.

Just before his death, James Parton expressed his views on the earnings of authors in the following words: "An industrious writer, by a legitimate exercise of his calling,—that is, never writing advertisements or trash for the sake of pay,—can just exist, no more. By a compromise, not dishonorable, though exasperating, he can average during the best years \$7,000 to \$8,000 a year. But no man should enter the literary life unless he has a fortune or can live contentedly on \$2,000 a year. The best way is to make a fortune first and write afterward."

Colonel John Hay has presented to Adelbert College, in Cleveland, \$2,000 to meet certain pressing demands of the library.

The *Critic* says there is no foundation for the rumor that ex-President Cleveland has "had in preparation for some time a constitutional history of the United States, which is now nearly ready for the press."

George Kennan, the lecturer on Siberia, is an expert telegrapher, and his "copy" is like copperplate, to the delight of printers who have to put his writings in type.

Belford's Monthly has been revived under the name of *Belford's Monthly and Democratic Review*. It bears the imprint of Belford & Co., New York.

The tomb which has been built for, and presented to, Walt Whitman is in Harleigh Cemetery, near Camden, and is set in a side hill, under a gnarled oak. It is of massive granite blocks, and is fashioned after the walls of King Solomon's Temple. Of a score or more designs submitted to the poet, this was the only one he considered at all, and it was not accepted until he had revised it. The Quincy granite of which it is built was especially quarried to dimensions. An idea of the ponderous weight of the structure can be formed when it is stated that the front alone weighs seventy tons. The door is of granite, six inches thick, and measures four feet two inches in width, by six feet four inches in height. No rods, bolts, or other fastenings are used in the structure, the four corners being held together by interlocking or mortising the solid blocks of granite. The only metal used is in the brass pivots on which the door swings and the massive brass lock that secures it. The entrance to the tomb is three feet six inches by six feet, and the vestibule in front of the catacombs is eleven feet three inches wide, seven feet deep, and eight feet high. Mr. Whitman occasionally drove out to see the tomb while it was being constructed, and recently gave directions about planting ivy, which he wishes to have cover the structure.